

# METHODIST PROTESTANT.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

NEW YORK.

Rodman, February 26, 1834.

Dear Brother,—I started in company with bro. H. McKee on Monday the 3d inst. to attend our Annual Conference, at Parishville, St. Lawrence County. We called at Antwerp, but arrived too late to preach, but had a season of prayer, which was very encouraging—we left appointments at the two societies on our return. On the fourth inst. we reached Herman, where I preached to an attentive congregation—here our reform principles are admired, and many are taking a very decided stand in our favor. Wednesday we reached bro. Goodale's, a pious family in Parishville, the place appointed to hold our Conference—with this worthy family I staid most of the time during the session. Thursday morning we organized, all the preachers and delegates being present, with the exception of one or two, all in fine spirits, and alive to the cause of God, and to the interest of our infant Zion. More harmony and unity of feeling perhaps never were witnessed in any Ecclesiastical body. When we closed our business, Saturday evening, we had an affecting time and were loth to leave the place. Sabbath morning we assembled at the Congregational church, in the Village, by request, and commenced with love-feast—I cannot find language to describe my feelings and the glory that filled my soul—it was a love-feast in truth, I think to every one who was of one heart and one soul. I can say as did the pastor of that people, Mr. Talbert, who is truly a brother in Christ, "This is such a day as I never saw before, truly the Lord God has visited his people to-day." After love-feast a sermon was delivered—after which four deacons and two elders were ordained—which was attended with much of the Divine presence. The Rev. Mr. Talbert, our Congregational brother, was annexed to the ordaining committee, who willingly united heart and hand in the solemn work. We then closed the services of the day by receiving the Lord's supper.

One hundred and fifty-four communed—a number gave their names to become members of our communion—I think much good was done. The union and correspondence between the St. Lawrence Consociation and our Annual Conference, you will receive soon, officially. Monday, 10th, started for home, came to Herman in the evening. Bro. McKee preached, after which I delivered a short lecture on church government, and offered reasons why we came out from the old church and formed a new one. As soon as meeting was closed, the Episcopal brethren flocked around—I soon silenced their murmurs, by proving the facts which I had stated from their own law—how great is the ignorance of many of the laity of that church! One man, to get rid of the force of argument and prove their government good exclaimed, he "liked such a government, its tendency was to make him *humble*, and humility was a great Christian

virtue, and if he had any voice in the government he should be proud," &c. Well may we say of the old church, the priests bear rule and the people love to have it so. But before we parted I had a number of invitations to preach to different Episcopal societies—they promised to read our Discipline, and search for themselves—I left one with them—I shall visit them again. Tuesday, came to Antwerp, had a favorable spiritual time; the Lord is among those brethren. Wednesday evening I preached in Champion, at Black River, to a Baptist congregation; it was truly a spiritual lively season, they told me they were praying for union in the Christian family, and hoped close communion would soon be done away—and urged me to come and preach to them again. Thursday, reached my own habitation, and found all in health. Last Friday, I attended our Quarterly Meeting at North Adams, it commenced Friday night with a watch night, it was held at the Congregational meeting-house; there was much union between the two churches—the meeting was lively and spiritual—much prejudice, I trust, was removed, and our cause is rising at that place—seven were received as probationers. I think the cause of God is on the rise in this section—churches are generally gathering in a good harvest. The Lord has done a great work recently in my family; I feel my obligations much increased to love and serve God. I have seven children, two are married, which make nine with the two adopted, all but the two youngest are hopefully converted to God—they are both under ten years—four have joined our fellowship, the other three I expect are only waiting an opportunity—truly the promise is to us and our children. I feel to exclaim with the Psalmist, "come unto me all ye that fear God and I will tell you what he has done for my soul," and for my family.

Brother Harrod, I wish to urge the request of Bro. A. S. Piercy, Superintendent of Rockland Circuit, see No. 6, page 42, which is a full and fair development of the Deed of Settlement, showing the power and control of the General Conference over church property—do wake up some of your able writers to this subject; it would be a powerful engine against our enemies; they publicly declare their General Conference has no more control over church property than ours has, and they make many of their members believe it, in truth none are so blind as those who will not see.

The following information I think ought to be given to the public:—In the year 1825, when the presiding Elder of this District, by the help of two or three travelling preachers broke down the District Conference by their mighty power, by absenting himself from, and refusing to accept of what the Conference did in their session, which was appointed by him the year before, and so did the business over in the Quarterly Conference; I say at that time there were about 30 members of that body, out of 52, that were Reformers—he then commenced war with all that did not favor his views, and acknowledge his right to reign—some immediately yielded—over some the rod was shaken—some were won over by receiving ordi-

nation, who had been licenciates for nearly twenty years—some had their licences withheld—and so the sheep were scattered. Oh how my heart bleeds for such men—what a scene will the day of judgment bring to view, and how shall such an account be settled? Yours, truly,

JOHN B. GOODENOUGH

Extracts from the Methodist Correspondent.

STUBENVILLE, March 21, 1834.

Bro. Springer,—In consequence of my numerous engagements, I have delayed giving you an account of our second Quarterly Meeting, which duty I now undertake to perform. That meeting was held the 8th and 9th inst. and at it we were aided by Bros. Woodward, Dunlevy and Marshall, of our own church, and Bros. Waterman and McCaskey, of the M. E. Church. On Monday evening we held our love feast, it was a pleasant, and I hope a profitable one, at its conclusion we received seven members, five on probation, and two from the old fellowship. So much for the Qr. meeting, I rejoice to be able to send you this good news. But bless the Lord, O my soul! I rejoice much more to be able to tell you, that since that the Lord has been with us most graciously. In our prayer and class meetings several souls have found the "Pearl of great price," and do now rejoice in God their Saviour. Two have joined on probation since the Quarterly Meeting, many of our members are alive to God, they stand to their post, and shrink not in the day of battle, and glory to God our march is onward—O! that we may have the faithful unceasing prayers of all God's people, for a more glorious display of his power and mercy in this place, may He still be with us, and with all his people, and to him be all the glory now and ever. We have received 46 members so far this Conference year; and hope for many more before it ends.

God bless you, B. W. JOHNSTON.

THOMAS DAVIS, Superintendent of Cincinnati Circuit, writes from New Richmond, Ohio, March 13;—"Our second Quarterly Meeting was held on the second and third insts. at Bethesda meeting house. We were favored with the labors of Bros. John Clarke and James Blair. There was not a great number added to the church, but many approached the mourners' seat, and solicited an interest in the prayers of God's people, and one found the *pearl of great price*. On the whole, we had a refreshing time from the presence of the Lord. Our quarterly meetings are growing better and better in this quarter—we are looking up with expectation for a gracious revival of religion. I have just returned from a quarterly meeting in Cincinnati. God is here reviving His work—we had a gracious time—39 were added to the church on the occasion. Bros. Clarke and Evans, are in good spirits. May God bless them and their charge."

J. HUNTSMAN, writes under date, Hubbard, O. March 16;—"In my last I stated that the prospects were encouraging in this circuit; these have by



no means diminished; but are still on the advance. We have gracious displays of the power of Divine goodness in the conviction of sinners, the conversion of mourners, and the reclamation of backsliders. These things cheer the hearts of the people of God, and make them rejoice with joy and gladness. In the last five weeks I have preached thirty one sermons, and taken 40 members into society;—eleven of these from the M.E. Church—the rest principally from nature's quarry. I have recently organized a church in Sharon, Pa. which bids fair to do well."

Z. RAGAN writes from Waynesburg, Pa. March 15;—"Within the last six weeks between 45 and 50 have united with us on Monongahela Circuit, which makes about 80 since conference. We have organized three new classes, and I expect to organize two or three more on my next round; the class at Kingwood, lately formed, now numbers seventeen."

LEVI REEVES, assistant preacher on Coshocton Circuit, writes under date, Will's Creek, March 24;—"he says: "Our success on this circuit is not so great as we could desire; but thank God for what he has done, and is still doing for us. I do not know the exact number added to our fellowship this year, within the bounds of this circuit, but suppose it to be over fifty."

MOSES LYON, of Cincinnati who has lately returned from a visit to Illinois and Missouri—informs us "that our people are building a meeting house in Lower Alton—and that our preachers in that quarter are doing well."

For the Methodist Protestant.

#### RULE ON DRESS.

Mr. Editor,—The essays on dress that have recently appeared in your paper, have induced me to look into my discipline, in order to see what the congregated wisdom of the Methodist Protestant Church has produced on this momentous subject. After searching a few minutes I found all the convention have said, and lo! the whole is contained in three lines! But those lines argue a thorough knowledge of the subject, and are worthy of being written in letters of gold. The rule can be found at the foot of page 49, and reads; "*In your dress, keep clear of the two extremes; antiquated singularity on the one hand, and fashionable foppishness on the other.*"

Now, Sir, let every Methodist Protestant take this rule for his guide, and we shall soon witness the pleasing spectacle of a religious community, dressed plain, but not rendered singular; clothed as other people in the same country, but not in the point of fashion, nor decorated with expensive, gaudy, or trifling ornaments. A.

REV. DR. SIMPSON.

This very worthy minister was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while he stood very low in his own esteem; he ranked high in that of others. After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached his latter end with holy joy. Among other expressions which indicated his love to the Redeemer, and his interest in the favor of God, he spake as with disapprobation of a phrase often used by some good people.—"Venturing on Christ." "When, said he, I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him. O, had I ten thousand souls, I would, at this moment, cast them all into his hands, with the utmost confidence." A few hours before his dissolution, he addressed himself to the last enemy, in a strain

like that of the Apostle, when he exclaimed, "O death where is thy sting?" Displaying his characteristic fervor, and though he saw the tyrant approaching, he said "What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy through the blood of the cross."

#### LITERARY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

#### Translated from the French.

HISTORY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, BY M. AUDIN.

Lavosier, Chinier, and a thousand others, have perished like Ramus, rather perhaps, for the crime of their genius, than for their opinions. It is well to recall sometimes such sad examples. The horror which attaches to them, may hinder their imitation, it makes us also censure the more, the men who, in the coldness of their evil logic, preach tranquilly the necessity of punishment and of death to govern the nations.

#### THE DEATH OF RAMUS.

At the corner of the street *des carmes*, in the fifth story, and in a chamber which had no other ornaments, than a painted wooden chair, a poor deft ware cup, on a little fresh straw, dwelt a sage, whom monarchs were willing sometimes to visit, of whom the name was pronounced in Italy, in Germany, in England, every where, when two intelligences disputed, and who had disturbed the moral world, in placing the first in doubt, the infallibility of Aristotle: This was Ramus. He promenaded in the court of the college of Presle, so often the witness of his bitter sarcasms against the empiricism of the age, and thinking according to his custom, how he might wound by some new stroke, that old scholastic, already all mutilated by him, when one of his disciples came to draw him from his meditations, in shewing him by the finger the place Maubert, and repeating, *there they are; there they are!* Ramus understood him, and went to conceal himself. Immediately, they perceive a man of a high stature, his body bent, the forehead bald, the eye sparkling with a livid fire, and clothed with a robe which he had used upon the benches of the school, in interpreting the oracles of Aristotle. It was Charpentier, who followed a people of youth, of adults, of old men, disciples, or rather athleta of the Itaggrite philosopher, of whom they sustained the divinity, by arguments which they could not understand, in the gymnasia of Athens. To these enthusiastic friends of a philosophy, which weighed upon the species for eighteen centuries, were mixed, some scholars of Ramus himself, whom Charpentier had gained by shewing to them, in three discourses, divided in the manner of the schools, that not to believe as Aristotle, is to be a Hugonot. All this mob of sages remained in the court of the college, while Charpentier mounted the steps which conducted to the retreat of Ramus. The door to it was open. The two representing empiricism and spiritualism saluted each other, and then began a latin conversation between themselves, which a contemporary historian has preserved to us, and of which, it will be difficult to render the rapid energy. The hour is come. What would you?—Your life. My life? I will sell it to you. How?—Every thing which you possess. Then Ramus searched his bed, and found a purse full of gold, which he gave to Charpentier. The price of blood enveloped under the lappel of his robe.—Charpentier descended the steps, and fled. Some writers believe that he showed the window to his rival, others relate that he escaped like a thief of the night.

Scarcely was he gone, than the multitude began to murmur. We hear distinctly, *Aristotle! Aristotle!* The regents cry *Hugonot*, and pointing with the finger to those niches in the stones whence Ramus had precipitated some time before the images of the Virgin. The women of the place, Maubert, drawn by the tumult, make the sign of the cross; others join the hands and repeat *Jesus! Jesus!* The scholars collected stones, and attempted to throw them into the window of the habitation of the professor. Finally, a youth more bold than his comrades, pressed violently the wooden gate of the college, and all the others followed pell mell, and passed the narrow ladder which led to the sunium of this new Plato. Ramus sat upon the straw, attended tranquilly to the accomplishment of his fate, the scholar who had come to warn him of the approach of Charpentier was at his side, the eye fixed upon his master. The hand which struck the philosopher, was that of a young man, whom he loved to assist to read his books of philosophy. Happily he did not see him, for he had spread over his eyes his thick white beard. His eyes say they, were entirely wet; the murderer affirmed it. His testimony may be true. Who dares to reproach this love of life, in an old man, who from his garret occupied so powerfully the intellectual world. In this body, employed by the cares and labors of philosophy, life was held only as by a breath, and that breath very quickly escaped, only one stroke killed the old man. They open the window, they raise the dead body, and they throw it into the court. In falling the abdomen burst, and the entrails were spread over the pavement. The scholars then were seen precipitating themselves at the voice of their regents, upon these bleeding remains, dividing them among themselves as trophies, and dispersing followed in the neighboring streets by the cries of the populace, who armed with rods, whipped "the body of the philosopher." They traversed the place, Maubert, full of salesmen, who approached to see the only man, whom they knew in the sciences, collecting rotten herbs and throwing them upon this figure which primates had taken for a model, and to whom kings had bowed in signs of admiration. That very friendly disciple, of whom history has not been able to preserve the name, and some others besides followed the crowd at a distance, collecting with an anxious care the fragments of the robe of their master, which were torn off by the point of the stones.—Arrived nearly in front of the church of Notre Dame, they threw the body into the river. It floated, and came near to St. Michael's bridge, where these faithful pupils attended it. The crowd had run to other sights.

They recovered the body, washed it, wrapped it in their clothes, and prepared to carry it away, when the passengers chased them, throwing stones. A man of the people having descended upon the shore, parted the white beard which covered the dead figure, and cried out, *It is Ramus.* All Paris wished to see the remains of the philosopher.—While that Prenus went to attend his lessons, Ramus had flatterers; he found not one among them, after his death, who came to guard his face from the insects, or the populace. At the first noise of the murder, they hastened into the apartments of the monarch to kiss his hands, to swear to him an inviolable oath of fidelity, and to felicitate him upon the death of a man who had not even a blanket to sleep upon. They propose to go to thank heaven; but the prince blushed at this drunkenness of servitude, and would not accompany them. They pretended that during the night a surgeon had stolen in through the dark and separated the head



from the trunk. Certain historians have written that they threw the trunk into a neighboring sewer.

Thus was extinguished one of the most brilliant lights of the 16th century. It was Ramus who first attempted to ruin that dark philosophy in which the most noble minds wandered in blindness, and who would have banished from our schools all the images of Aristotle if he had lived some time longer, for nature had given to him every thing which was necessary to produce an intellectual revolution, an ardent soul, a vigorous complexion, an indefatigable activity of body, a love of glory and of poverty, an eloquence lively and impetuous. He slept upon a bed of straw. His modest revenues were employed to educate poor scholars, from whom he demanded no other recompense than a boundless hatred against scholastic empiricism. Almost at the same time, one of our most pure and gracious statuarys, John Goujon, who contributed so much to the love of the Antique, in France, fell under the strokes of the populace, at the moment when he had completed in the Louvre, one of those beautiful cariatides which Athens had admired. No honors were rendered to the body of this great man, his body was mingled with those of the other reformers, and thrown into a common ditch. S.

#### MISCELLANY.

*From the Christian Intelligencer.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

The gigantic powers of Luther, his magnanimity in seasons of danger, his disinterestedness, his almost intuitive discernment, in difficult circumstances, his decision and promptness in the execution of his designs, his undaunted boldness both in speaking and writing, his consummate prudence in the conduct of practical concerns, all place him in the highest order of uninspired teachers. And when we consider that these various endowments were united in him with extreme tenderness of conscience, trembling humility before God, profound submission to the authority of Scripture, a clear perception and avowal of all the great doctrines of the Gospel, and a most judicious abstinence, speaking generally, from subordinate and less vital controversies, we cannot cease from admiring the grace of God apparent in him. In the following extracts, let our readers observe, first characteristic intrepidity on great occasions, when even his warmest friends began to shrink from the unequal conflict.

In his conference with Vergeria the popish agent, what ease, and yet dignity, what skill and courage are apparent; not without some trait of that natural humor which sometimes we know betrayed him into imprudencies of expression.

"Vergerio came to Wittenberg on the evening of November 6, 1535, with a splendid retinue, and was conducted to the castle with all due honor by the provincial governor.—The next morning Luther sent for his barber at an early hour, and told him he was summoned to attend the nuncio of his holiness the Pope, and he would by no means go in dishabille, for he wished to look young, that his enemies might think he had a long time yet to live. He then put on his best suit and a golden ornament (a present from the elector) about his neck, and remarked, when his attendant expressed some surprise, 'This is the way which we must deal with these foxes and serpents.'—Then getting into a chariot which had been sent for him from the castle, accompanied by Bugenhagen, he said, 'Here go the Pope of Germany and Cardinal Pomeranus!' Being introduced, he

conversed with the nuncio, among other things, on the subject of the council. He said, it was not seriously proposed; the Pope did but play with them; and, if it were held, it would busy itself only about trifles, such as tonsures and vestments, and not upon faith, and justification, and bringing Christians to the unity of the spirit and of doctrines: for this would not suit their purpose. He added, that he and his friends felt such assurance of what they believed, as not to need the determination of a council, though others might do it, who groan under the oppression of men who did not themselves know what they believed. 'But,' said he, 'call your council; God willing I will attend it, though I should be burned by it.' Vergerio asked where he would have it held. 'Where you please,' he replied; 'at Mantua, at Padua, at Florence, or any where else.' Vergerio asked, was he willing it should be at Bologna? He inquired to whom that city then belonged; and on being told, 'To the Pope;' 'Gracious Heaven,' he exclaimed, 'has the Pope seized that place too? Well, I will come even thither.' The nuncio, in a courtier-like manner, said something of the Pope's visiting Wittenberg.—'Let him come,' said Luther, 'we shall be glad to see him.' 'But,' said Vergerio, 'would you have him come with an army, or unattended?' 'As he pleases,' replied Luther; 'we shall be ready for him either way.' The nuncio then inquired whether the ministers in Saxony were consecrated. Luther replied, 'Certainly; as the Pope will not consecrate them for us, here sits a bishop' (pointing to Pomeranus) 'whom we have consecrated.' 'Much more conversation,' says the author of the narrative, 'passed between them, in which Luther fully explained his views, with the utmost freedom, and even, where the case required, with sharpness of remark.' On taking leave, Vergerio said, 'See that you be ready for the council.' 'I will come,' replied Luther, 'with my life in my hand.'"

Once more, when the lamentable enthusiasm of the Anabaptists at Munster and the fanaticism of the false prophets seemed to threaten the whole Reformation with confusion; when Melancthon, the court of Saxony, the elector and the university were incapable of determining how to act; with what intuition did Luther seize the true bearings of the question, and how quickly did his calm but authoritative decisions restore the infant churches to peace and security!

"Luther's observation upon the 'ill-contrived farce at Munster' was, that it was 'the work of some raw, unpractised devil;' and that they had great reason to be thankful that 'a devil of greater parts and knowledge—one that understood law and divinity,' was not let forth against them. He contended, however, that the way to preserve or reclaim men from such delusions was, to enlighten their minds by the word of God, and not to withhold that word from them, as some would have done."

The surprising influence which the reformer acquired over the minds of his friends may appear less wonderful, and yet the powerful effect of his letter to Miconius when apparently on the point of death, must be allowed to be quite extraordinary—though perhaps not much more so than the holy love to the Saviour, and the ardent desires after heaven which the letter breathes.

"I beg and implore of the Lord Jesus, who is our life, our health, and our salvation, that he would not permit such an addition to be made to what I suffer, as that I should see you or any of my comrades break through the veil and enter into rest, leaving me here behind in the midst of demons. I pray the Lord to make me sick instead

of you, and to suffer me to lay down the tabernacle of an exhausted and useless body, which has done its work.' And again, at the close of his letter; 'Farewell, my dear Frederick; may the Lord never permit me to hear of your taking your passage, while I remain behind; but may you be the survivor. So I ask, and such is my will, and let my will be done. Amen!—I say this because my will is directed to the glory of God, and not to my own pleasure.—Again farewell! we pray for you from our inmost souls, and are greatly afflicted at your illness.' Myconius recovered, and survived Luther, which he attributed to Luther's prayers. He said the effect of Luther's letter was such, that in reading it he seemed to hear the voice of Christ saying, 'Lazarus, come forth!'"

Numerous as these citations on the character of Luther have been, we must add to them one more, in order to present our readers with the closing scene of his life. The account is from an eyewitness, Justus Jonas, first rector of the university at Wittenberg, and afterward superintendent at Halle, and was committed to writing within an hour after the death which it records.

"On that day, February 17th, 1546, his friends, perceiving more repose to be desirable for him, persuaded him to keep quiet in his study; which he did, frequently walking up and down, in an undress, but conversing with animation. 'From time to time,' says Justus Jonas, 'he would stop, and looking out at the window, in that attitude (as his custom was) address fervent prayer to God, so that I and Cælius, who were in the room with him, could not but perceive it: and then he would say, 'I was born and baptized here at Eisleben; what if I should remain or even die here?' Another of his friends, Razeberg, the elector's physician, has preserved one of the prayers, as it would seem, which he thus offered while walking up and down his study. It is in the following terms—principally referring to the religious interests of his native country: 'O Lord God, heavenly Father, I call upon thee in the name of thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, imploring that, according to thy promise, and for the glory of thy name, thou wouldst graciously hear the prayers which I offer up unto thee, beseeching thee that, as thou hast of thy mercy and boundless goodness discovered to me the great apostacy and blindness of the Pope before the day of thy last advent, which is at hand, and is to succeed that diffusion of the light of the Gospel which now dawns upon the world; so thou wouldst graciously preserve the church of my beloved country in the acknowledgment of the truth, and the unwavering confession of thy uncorrupted word without failing, even to the end; that the whole world may know that thou hast sent me for this very purpose. Even so, O most blessed Lord God! Amen and amen!'"

"Before supper he complained of a pain in the chest, to which he was subject.—It was, however, relieved by warm applications. After supper it returned; but he would not have medical aid called in, but about nine o'clock lay down on a couch and fell asleep. He awoke as the clock struck ten, and desired that those about him would retire to rest.—When led into his chamber he said, 'I go to rest with God;' and repeated the words of the Psalm, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit, &c.' and, stretching out his hand to bid all good night, he added, 'Pray for the cause of God.' He then went to bed: and about one o'clock he awoke Jonas and another who slept in the same room with him, desired that a fire might be made in his study, and exclaimed, 'O God! how ill I am! I suffer dreadful oppression in my chest: I shall certainly die at Eisleben!' He then removed into his study with-



out requiring assistance, and again repeating, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit!' he walked backward and forward, and desired to have warm clothes brought him. In the mean time his physicians were sent for, as also Count Albert, who presently came with his Countess. All Luther's friends and his sons were now collected about him: medicines were given him, and he seemed somewhat relieved; and having laid down on a couch he fell into a perspiration. This gave encouragement to some present: but he said, 'It is a cold sweat, the forerunner of death: I shall yield up my spirit.' He then began to pray nearly in these words: 'O eternal and merciful God, my heavenly Father, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and God of all consolation! I thank thee that thou hast revealed to me thy Son Jesus Christ; in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom I love and worship as my dear Saviour and Redeemer, whom the Pope and the multitude of the ungodly do persecute, revile, and blaspheme. I beseech thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul! O heavenly Father, though I be snatched out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet know I assuredly that I shall dwell with thee forever, and that none can pluck me out of thy hands!' He then thrice again repeated the words 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit! thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!' Also those words, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life:' and that verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, 'Our God is the God of whom cometh salvation: God is the Lord by whom we escape death.' He then became silent, and his powers began to fail him: but when several present addressed him, 'Reverend father, you die in the constant confession of Christ and his doctrine, which you have preached?' he distinctly answered, 'Yes,' and spoke no more; but about a quarter of an hour afterward, between two and three o'clock in the morning, 'with his hands clasped together, and without a finger or a feature being disturbed, gently breathed his last.'

#### CHILDREN SHOULD COME TO THE LORD JESUS.

Yes, indeed they should. When he was here on earth, some persons brought little children to him, that he might touch them. And though the winds and the seas obeyed him, and though he was "Lord of all," yet he kindly took them up in his arms, and blessed them.

The Lord Jesus is still the same,—and though he is now on his throne in glory, and all the angels, and "the spirits of the just made perfect," and "the ten thousand times ten thousand,—and the thousands of thousands," constantly surround his glorious throne with their praises,—and though he has all power in heaven and on earth, in his blessed hands, yet a little child may still come to him, and he will never be cast out of his presence.

But how should we come? I will tell you. By faith and prayer. When we are away from home, we know and believe, that our friends are still there, and we go to it with our minds, and visit it in thought,—and so, though the Saviour is gone to heaven, as to his bodily presence we can visit him there in thought; and as to his spiritual presence he is every where; and especially wherever two or three are met together in his great name. Now we should believe that this is the case, for it really is so,—and if we do, we shall pray to the Lord Jesus, for all the blessings which we need.

He is able to help and to bless. There are in him unsearchable riches and grace, and unsearchable riches of glory. And he is as willing as he

is able; for he is the good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep; and he gathers the lambs in his arms, and lays them in his compassionate bosom.

So that a little child may go to him, and ask for his blessing. He says for their encouragement, "I love them that love me; and they who seek me early shall find me!"

If you do not go to Christ, it will be very sad with you indeed; you will never have any solid comfort here,—and you will have no place with him in heaven hereafter; for he has said that if we die in our sins, where he is, we cannot come. If we do not go to Christ, we shall be cast out of his presence, and have a place among the wicked in hell. Will not this be very dreadful?

How delightful it will be, if we do indeed come to the Lord Jesus! then we shall be useful and happy, so long as we continue here on earth; and when we die, our spirits will be carried by the angels to live with him eternally. He himself has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also,"—and "where I am, there also shall my servant be!"

#### ANDREW MARVELL'S INTEGRITY.

Marvell having been once honoured with an evening's entertainment, by his Majesty, (Charles II.) the latter was so charmed with the ease of his manners, the soundness of his judgement, and the keenness of his wit, that the following morning to show him his regard, he sent the Lord Treasurer, DANBY, to wait upon him with a particular message. His Lordship, with some difficulty, found Marvell's *elevated* retreat, on the second floor in a court near the Strand. Lord Danby, from the darkness of the stair-case, and its narrowness, abruptly burst open the door, and suddenly entered the room, in which he found Marvell writing. Astonished at the sight of so noble and unexpected a visitor, Marvell asked his Lordship, with a smile, if he had not mistaken his way, "No," he replied with a bow, "not since I have found Mr. Marvell;" continuing, that he came with a message from the King, who wished to do him some signal service, on account of the high opinion his Majesty had of his merits. Marvell replied with his usual pleasantry, that his Majesty had it not in his power to serve him. But becoming more serious, he told the Lord Treasurer, that he knew the nature of courts too well, not to be sensible that whoever it distinguished by his Prince's favour, is expected to vote in his interests. The Lord Danby told him his Majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court he would accept. He told the Lord Treasurer he could not accept any thing with honour, for he must either be ungrateful to the King in voting against him, or false to his country in giving in to the measures of the court; therefore the only favour he begged of his Majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and more in his proper interest, in *refusing* his offers, than if he had accepted them. The Lord Danby finding that no argument could prevail, told Marvell that the King requested his acceptance of £1000; but this was rejected with the same steadiness, though soon after the departure of his noble visitor, he was obliged to borrow a guinea from a friend.

This anecdote has been somewhat differently related in a pamphlet printed in Ireland, about the year 1754, from whence we extract it. "The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II. chose ANDREW MARVELL, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that he would be theirs

for properly asking, they sent his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer, Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for £1000, and then went towards his chariot. Marvell looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer—"My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack the servant boy was called, "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right, child." "What have I for dinner to day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay up the blade bone to broil?" "Tis so: very right child, go away." "My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper: I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; *I am not one.*"

No Roman virtue ever surpassed this; nor can gold bribe a mind that is not debauched with luxury: and with Dr. Johnson we repeat, "No man, whose appetites are his masters, can preform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions. When the Roman general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him was solicited, by large promise, to betray his trust; he asked the messengers whether he, that could sup on turnips, was a man likely to sell his country? Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power: he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation."

*Dove's Life of Marvell.*

#### TAKE UP THE CROSS.

This is designed as a peculiar favor to Christians as indeed are all CHRIST's commands. Miseries are the unavoidable portion of fallen man. All the difference is, Christians suffering in obedience to the will of God, it makes them easy; unbelievers suffer the same things, but with an uneasy will and mind.

To follow our own will, our own passions, and our senses, is that which makes us miserable. It is for this reason, and that we may have a remedy for all our evils, that JESUS CHRIST obliges us to submit our will, our passions, &c. to God.

The good Christian is not one who has no inclination to sin, (for we have all the seed of sin in us;) but who, being sensible of such inclinations, denieth them continually, and suffers them not to grow into evil actions.

Every day deny yourselves some satisfaction:—your *eyes*, objects of mere curiosity;—your *tongue*, every thing that may feed vanity, or vent enmity;—the *palate*, dainties;—the *ears*, flattery, and whatever corrupts the heart;—the *body*, ease and luxury; bearing all the inconveniences of life, (for the love of God,) cold, hunger, restless nights, ill health, unwelcome news, the faults of servants, contempt, ingratitude of friends, malice of enemies, calumnies, our own failings, lowness of spirits, the struggle in overcoming our corruptions; bearing all these with patience and resignation to the will of God. *Do all this as unto God, with the greatest privacy.*

All ways are indifferent to one who has heaven in his eye, as a traveller does not choose the pleasantest, but the shortest and safest way to his journey's end: and that is the way of the Cross, which JESUS CHRIST made choice of, and sanctified it to all his followers.



Matt. viii. 20. *The Son of Man had not where to lay his head.*

This should fill us with confusion, whenever we are over-much concerned for the conveniences of life.

Our affections being very strongly inclined to sensible good, for the sake of which we are often tempted to evil, and fall into great disorders, we should resolve to sacrifice our will to reason, and reason to the will of God.

God does not require it of us, that we should not feel any uneasiness under the Cross, but that we should strive to overcome it by his grace.—*Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

#### ON UNUSUAL REFRACTION.

The atmosphere in which we live is a transparent mass of air, possessing the property of refracting light. We learn from the barometeor, that its density gradually diminishes as we rise in the atmosphere, and as we know from direct experiment, that the refractive power of air increases with its density, it follows, that the refractive power of the atmosphere is greatest at the earth's surface, and gradually diminishes till the air becomes so rare as almost scarcely to be able to produce any effect upon light.

When a ray of light falls obliquely upon a medium thus varying in density, in place of being bent at once out of its direction, it will be gradually more and more bent during its passage through it, so as to move in a curve line in the same manner as if the medium had consisted of an infinite number of strata of different refractive powers.

Although the rays of light move in straight line in vacuo and in all media of uniform density, yet, on the surface of the globe, the rays proceeding from a distant object, must necessarily move in a curve line, because they must pass through portions of air of different density and refractive power. Hence it follows, that excepting in a vertical line, no object, whether it is a star or planet, beyond our atmosphere, or actually within it, is seen in its real place.

Excepting in astronomical and trigonometrical observations, where the greatest accuracy is necessary, this refraction of the atmosphere does not occasion any inconvenience. But since the density of the air and its refractive power very greatly when heated or cooled, great local heats or local colds will produce great changes of refractive power, and give rise to optical phenomena of a very interesting kind. Such phenomena have received the name of Unusual refraction, and they are sometimes of such an extraordinary nature as to resemble more the effects of magic than the results of natural causes. The elevation of coasts, mountains, and ships, when seen over the surface of the sea, has long been observed and known by the name of looming. Mr. Huddart described several cases of this kind, but particularly the very interesting one of an inverted image of a ship seen beneath the real ship.

Dr. Vince observed at Ramsgate, a ship whose top-masts only were seen above the horizon; but he at the same time observed, in the field of the telescope through which he was looking, two images of the complete ship in the air, both directly above the ship, the uppermost of the two being erect, and the other inverted. He then directed his telescope to another ship whose hull was just in the horizon, and he observed a complete inverted image of it; the main-mast of which just touched the main-mast of the ship itself. Upon looking at another ship,

Dr. Vince saw inverted images of some of its parts which suddenly appeared and vanished; "first appearing" says he, "below, and running up very rapidly, showing more or less of the mast at different times as they broke out, resembling in the swiftness of their breaking out the shooting of a beam of the aurora borealis." As the ship continued to descend, more of the image gradually appeared, till the image of the whole ship was at last completed with the main-masts in contact. When the ship descended still lower, the image receded from the ship, but no second image was seen. Dr. Vince observed another case in which the sea was distinctly seen between the ships. The two images were visible when the whole ship was beneath the horizon.

Captain Scoresby, when navigating the Greenland seas, observed several very interesting cases of Unusual refraction. On the 28th of June, 1820, he saw, from the mast-head, eighteen sail of ships at the distance of about 12 miles. One of them was drawn out, or lengthened, in a vertical direction: one had an inverted image immediately above it; and other two had two distinct inverted images above them, accompanied with two images of the strata of ice. In 1822, Captain Scoresby recognised his father's ship, the *Fame*, by its inverted image in the air; *although the ship itself was below the horizon.* He afterwards found that the ship was seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and its distance thirty miles. In all these cases, the image was directly above the object; but on the 17th of September, 1818, M. M. Jurine and Soret, observed a case of Unusual refraction, where the image was on one side of the object. A bark about 4000 toises distant was seen approaching Geneva by the left bank of the lake, and at the same moment there was seen above the water an image of the sails, which, in place of following the direction of the bark, receded from it, and seemed to approach Geneva by the right bank of the lake; the image sailing from east to west, while the bark was sailing from north to south. The image was of the same size as the object when it first receded, and was only one half that of the bark when the phenomenon ceased.

While the French army was marching through the sandy deserts of Lower Egypt, they saw various phenomena of Unusual refraction; to which they gave the name of *mirage*. When the surface of the sand was heated by the sun, the land seemed to be terminated at a certain distance by a general inundation. The village situated upon eminences appeared to be so many islands in the middle of a great lake, and under each village there was an inverted image of it. As the army approached the boundary of the apparent inundation, the imaginary lake withdrew, and the same illusion appeared round the village. M. Monge who has described these appearances in the *Memoires sur l'Egypte*, ascribes them to reflection from a reflecting surface, which he supposes to take place between two strata of air of different density. One of the most remarkable cases of mirage was observed by Dr. Vince. A spectator at Ramsgate sees the tops of the four turrets of Dover Castle over a hill between Ramsgate and Dover.

Dr. Vince, however, on the 6th of August, 1806, at seven P. M. saw the whole of Dover Castle, as if it had been brought over and placed on the Ramsgate side of the hill. The image of it was so strong, that the hill itself was not seen through the image.

The celebrated *fata morgana*, which is seen in the straits of Messina, and which for many centuries astonished the vulgar and perplexed philosophers, is obviously a phenomenon of this kind. A spectator on an eminence in the city Reggio, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, and when the rising sun shines from that point whence its incident ray forms an angle of about 45° on the sea of Reggio, sees upon the water numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles, well delineated regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces with balconies and windows, villages and trees, plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and on horse back, all passing rapidly in succession on the surface of the sea. These same objects are, in particular states of the atmosphere, seen in the air, though less vividly; and when the air is hazy and dewy they are seen on the surface of the sea vividly coloured, or fringed with all the prismatic colours.

That the phenomena above described are generally produce by refraction through strata of different densities may be proved by various experiments. In order to illustrate this, Dr. Wollaston poured into a square phial, a small quantity of clear syrup, and above this he poured an equal quantity of water, which gradually combined with the syrup. The word syrup upon a card held behind the bottle appeared erect when seen through the pure syrup, but inverted when seen through the mixture of water and syrup. Dr. Wollaston then put nearly the same quantity of rectified spirit of wine above the water, and he saw the word Spirit in its true place, and the appearance of inverted and erect images below.

Analogous phenomena may be seen by looking at objects over the surface of a hot poker, or along the surface of a wall or painted board heated by the sun.

That some of the phenomena ascribed to Unusual refraction are owing to unusual reflection, arising from difference of density, cannot, we think, admit of a doubt.

Well described cases of this kind are wanting to enable us to state the laws of the phenomena; but the following fact, as described by Dr. Buchan, is so distinct as to leave no doubt respecting its origin.

"Walking on the cliff" says he, "about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning of the 18th November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun. I turned my eyes directly towards the sea just as the solar disc emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented *precisely opposite to me* at some distance on the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered our own figures standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a wind-mill near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood, and the false cliff seemed to fade away, and to draw near to the real one, in proportion as it receded towards the west. This phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared, like the drawing up of a drop scene in a theatre. The surface of sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun. The sun's light fell upon the cliff at an incidence of about 73° from the perpendicular."

DR. BREWSTER ON OPTICS.



## DEBT OF HUMANITY.

A young painter having arrived at Modena, in a state of great poverty, besought a knife-grinder to find him a place where he might be furnished with a bed on the lowest terms, or for pity's sake. The artizan offered him the half of his own. Work for the stranger was sought in vain; but his host was not discouraged. He bore his expenses, and comforted him. The painter fell sick; but the other rose up earlier in the morning, and went to bed later at night, in order that he might gain the more and thus be able to supply the increased necessities of the young man, who had, in the mean time, written to his friends. The knife-grinder watched during all his sickness, which was rather protracted; and provided for all his necessary expenses. Some days after his recovery, the stranger received from his parents a considerable remittance of money, and hastened to the knife-grinder's to pay him for his expense and trouble. 'No, Sir,' said his generous benefactor to him; 'it is a debt which you have contracted, not to me but to the first honest man whom you find in distress. I owed this good turn to a fellow-man; I have now paid it. Do not forget to do as much when opportunity presents itself.'

If God has so loved us as to give his own Son, that he might lay down his life for us, and thus save us from everlasting sorrow, and unspeakable distress; how greatly we should love, and be kind to one another.

[Childs Newspaper.]

## HON. R. BOYLE.

THE Hon. R. Boyle was the seventh son of Richard, Earl of Cork. His learning, piety and beneficence, justly placed him among the most eminent characters of the age in which he lived. So profound was his veneration for the deity, that the very name of God was never mentioned by him without a visible pause in his discourse. He founded a lecture at St. Paul's for the defence of the Christian religion against infidels; and was at the expense of the translation and printing of 500 copies of the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles into the Malayan language. He also nobly rewarded Dr. E. Pocock, for the translation of Grotius, "On the Truth of the Christian Religion," into Arabic, of which he printed an edition in quarto, and caused it to be understood. He gave, during his life, 300*l.* to aid the propagation of the Gospel, and for translating, printing, and circulating the Scriptures among the American Indians in their vernacular dialects. He caused a fount of type to be cast; and the Irish New Testament to be reprinted at his own expense, and afterward contributed 700*l.* to print an edition of the whole Bible in the same language, beside 100*l.* toward an edition for the Highlands of Scotland. He also contributed 60*l.* toward an edition of the Turkish New Testament; and liberally aided the printing of the Scriptures in the Welch language. He died in 1691.

## LAW DECISION.

In an action brought by an editor of a daily paper in this city the principle has been established, that persons continuing to receive a periodical, without paying up arrearages and giving notice to the editors of a wish for its discontinuance, are liable for the price of the same so long as it is sent. This is in accordance with common sense and common honesty, as well as common law.—There are those, who at first, make the small price of a periodical an excuse for delaying payment, and then, after receiving it for years, make

the largeness of the amount an argument with conscience for delaying payment altogether.

N. Z. Observer.

## DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

With all the visions and fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of the discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known to civilized man? And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amid the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

## DEATH OF AN ATHEIST.

The facts stated in the following article, from the New York Evening Star, are singularly striking, and furnish a theme for serious reflection. It will be observed that the editor of the Star is a Jew; and this fact, not less than his well-known intelligence and shrewdness in argument, creates some surprise that he should admit—as he does in effect—that the avowal of Pantheism had "in a great measure softened, if it does not entirely do away with the belief" that the author of the "Philosophical Creed" was an Atheist.

"The untimely and melancholy death of C. C. Cohen, the chemist, produced a great sensation generally, but more particularly, among those who knew him, and we are gratified to learn that the liberality of his friends will enable his widow and children to return with comfort to their home and family.

Mr. Cohen, though quite a young man, was an excellent practical chemist, and his readings generally were varied, scientific, and full of interest; but in matters of religion, he took a singular and extraordinary turn, and from being well educated in the Jewish faith, he became an *atheist*; and we think we can safely say, almost the only one of that persuasion who, in any change of religion, utterly abandoned and surrendered all belief in a first great cause. Mr. Cohen joined the society of Free Enquirers, and preached atheistical doctrines, and was a correspondent and contributor to their paper; and we now notice this fact to relate a singular circumstance connected with his writings and death.

It is known that Abner Kneeland was recently tried and convicted in Boston, of atheism, and before sentence he published a kind of explanation of his creed, which in a great measure softened, if it did not entirely do away with the belief that he was an atheist. This recantation gave great offence to the Free Enquirers generally, but particularly to Mr. Cohen, who assailed him for so doing in the columns of the Free Enquirer, published in this city. The words of Mr. Kneeland were—

"Hence I am not an atheist but a pantheist; that is, instead of believing there is no God, I be-

lieve in the abstract, that all is God, and that all Power that is, is God, and that there is no power except that which proceeds from God."

In an article, which he signs with his name, Mr. Cohen assails such "jargon," as he called it, and makes this emphatic remark—"For my own part, I can attach no idea to the word God, and cannot consequently believe in him." This was printed on Saturday, February 16th, although the paper issues on Sunday, and on Saturday, on the very day that such an avowal was made, under the deliberate sanction of his name, he was blown to pieces in his laboratory, while making fulminating powder. His head, we learn by an understanding among the Enquirers, was given to the society for phrenological studies; his arm, which was blown off, has since, as we are told, been found. Thus, his body has gone one way, his head another, and his limb another—scattered, we may say, to the winds. Now philosophers may smile, freethinkers may laugh, and atheists may ridicule the idea of divine interposition or divine vengeance—all have a right to make their comment. We only state the fact, and, say what they may, it is a singular coincidence of profession and catastrophe. We never have applied the word infidel to an Atheist; he who does not believe, no matter in what rules of faith, is an infidel. We are all infidels in some things, but an Atheist believes in nothing. Our laws, even in this free country, punish certain offences against religion, such as blasphemy, profanity, indecent railings—they punish, because these are offences against society—against public feeling; they are *contra bonos mores*; but we assume the fact, that no law should punish a man for being an Atheist, because no human tribunal should assume the power of punishment on a point which belongs to God himself. Besides, if there is danger from infidelity—from open revilings of religion—there is none from Atheism, for converts are seldom made to doctrines against which all nature cries aloud. We intend no reflection on Free Enquirers by these observations.—We know many of them personally, and know them as worthy men, whom we would trust, who have good feelings, and moral principles; and while we look with surprise and regret at their infatuation on this point, we would not abridge a single right which they possess, as citizens, to believe in what they please, so that society and good government are not thereby injured. Poor Cohen was a Jew, a well-educated Jew—of all nations on earth the last to renounce their God—his chosen and favored people—he who brought them out of the land of Egypt—from captivity and bondage—who gave into their safe-keeping the great moral law which now governs every civilized nation—he who even now keeps them together as a distinct and separate nation for great objects hereafter. To disclaim and renounce, and deny that God, is a most rare and extraordinary instance indeed! To so live without faith, and die without hope!—to openly deny the existence of God, and in the same moment, as it were, be hurried into his presence!

If men cannot believe, will not believe, let them be silent, and not proclaim to the world their heresy with the view of making converts."

## VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.

From "Letters on Female character, addressed to a young lady on the death of her mother, by Mrs. Virginia Cary."

The enemies of religion are indeed the enemies of the whole race of man. They would take from their fellow beings the sole remedy provided by Omnipotent mercy for the variety of ills which



constitute the inheritance of man. They would shut out the healing stream from the diseased and dying in this world, and close for ever the golden gates of heaven upon the toil-worn pilgrims, who have faltered through their appointed course of earthly trials, and *might* be entitled to a blessed inheritance above.

There is something appalling to the imagination in the contemplation of Voltaire's last moments. Yet it is a picture which should be hung up for exhibition before the congregated world. What unutterable horrors pervaded his soul, when it received final summons to appear before its Maker and its Judge! He was discovered by his attendant with a book of prayers in his hand, endeavouring, with a faltering tongue, to repeat some of the petitions for mercy addressed to that Being, whose name he had blasphemed. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair on the floor, exclaiming, "Will not this God, whom I have denied, save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me?" Awful spectacle! Where was the fame for which he had labored? the applause, which had been the breath of his nostrils? Where were the hollow-hearted flatterers, whose faithless professions of friendship had deceived him in prosperity? Alas! they were the first to forsake him in the hour of misery! His last moments were attended solely by a hired menial, who is said to have inquired, when next applied to in her professional capacity, whether the gentleman who wanted her services was a *philosopher*? For she declared herself unable to stand the horror of another scene like the death bed of Voltaire; and would rather forego the emolument than engage in such an arduous and soul-appalling duty.

What must have been the condition of that departed spirit when the dread realities of the future burst upon its unobstructed vision!—when the awful throne of an insulted sovereign rose in sublime majesty before the immortal soul, on its entrance into eternity!—when the first object it beheld, in the dread realms of futurity, was the Being whose existence he had denied, whose cause he had persecuted! and that Being enthroned in omnipotence as a final Judge! Let us draw a veil over the terrific spectacle.

#### A CONFESSION OF ROUSSEAU, A PHILOSOPHICAL UNBELIEVER.

"I confess that the majesty of the Scripture astonishes me, that the sanctity of the Gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp—what a littleness have they when compared with this! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men? Is it possible that he whose history it records, should be himself a mere man. Is this the style of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious secretary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners!—what affecting grace in his instructions!—what elevation in his maxims!—what profound wisdom in his discourse!—what presence of mind, what delicacy and what justness in his replies!—what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man covered with all his ignominy of guilt and deserving all the honors of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of his pencil! Their semblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and it is not possible to mistake it. What prejudices, what blindness must they have who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophroniscus and the Son of Mary! What

distance is there between the one and the other? As Socrates died without pain and disgrace, he found no difficulty in supporting his character to the end; and this easy death had not shed a lustre on his life, we had doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. They say that he invented morality. Others before him had practised it, he only said what they had done—he only read lessons on their examples. Aristides had been just before Socrates explained the nature of justice. Leonidas had died for his country before Socrates made it the duty of men to love their country. Sparta had been temperate before Socrates praised temperance. Greece had abounded in virtuous men before he defined virtue. But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality of which he alone furnished both the precepts and the example? The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honored the vilest of all people. The death of Socrates serenely philosophizing with his friends is the most gentle that one can desire; that of Jesus expiring in torments, injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup, he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps. Jesus, in the midst of a horrid punishment, prays for his enraged executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of God. Shall we say that the history of the Gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent, and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ. After all, this is shifting the difficulty instead of solving it; for it would be more inconceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert than that one should furnish the subject of it.—Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner, and such morality, and the Gospel characters of truth are so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than its hero."

#### ANECDOTES.

##### AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

(From the Manchester Courier of April 14, 1827.)

James Ackley, a collier, in the service of Mr. Scowcroft, of Hindley, near Wigan, died under circumstances so extremely awful, that I take the liberty of giving you the particulars of them, which were related to me by the son of the unhappy man. Ackley was greatly addicted to the shocking vice of swearing. On the 22d ult. his wife was taken ill; but he had no sympathy for her sufferings, and told her she was *foring*. On the Sunday following, she died. On the following day his son paid him a visit, and the father said to him, "John, thy step-mother hath tricked me; I thought to have died first, but never mind, I shall die before they take her out of the house." At this time he appeared to be troubled with no complaint but what he called his 'd—d Asthma.' This son earnestly remonstrated with him on his wickedness, and implored him to bethink himself on a future state; but without effect. He said there was neither God nor devil, nor hell, nor heaven; and if there were, he was an unjust God, or he was asleep, and had forgotten us. The son could make no impression upon him; he was hardened in unbelief. On Tuesday the 27th he was often heard to utter the most dreadful oaths, which were principally directed to his unhappy children.

On Wednesday, the day on which his wife's funeral was to take place, he lay on the squab quite speechless. A neighbour who came to attend the funeral, said it was time to serve the bread (a custom on such occasions in that part of the country) when a sudden change was observed to take place in his body. All the persons present arose to look at him: he presented a dreadful spectacle; and awful to relate, in less than two minutes, he breathed his last! It is more easy to conceive than to describe the feelings of the bystanders on witnessing this awful visitation of the Almighty.

#### CHRISTIANITY BRINGS IMMORTALITY TO LIGHT.

When the Christian religion was introduced among the eastern tribes of this kingdom, by Augustine and his Missionaries, a convocation was held of a number of Chiefs to deliberate upon its merits, and to determine whether it should be adopted. The Sovereign of Essex, a nephew of Ethelbert, was present, and was thus addressed by a venerable man, who rose up in the midst of the assembly. "Our parent life, O king, reminds me of a bird that flies in from the darkness and cold to shelter itself under our roof, at some feast where your Majesty and your nobles are seated at a convivial banquet, with the hearth blazing in the middle of the hall. The little stranger comes in at one door, and departs at another we know not whither. It came from the darkness and returns to it. So it is with the life of man, but if this new faith instructs us where we go after this existence, it ought to be adopted."

We rejoice, my brethren, that this is the case; the Christian faith does instruct us where we go after this existence. What the Heathens knew not—what the Jews knew but imperfectly, Christians know fully. The doctrine of a future state is one peculiar glory of the New Testament.

#### THE POOR IRISH GIRL.

##### A Bible Society Anecdote.

The following story of a case illustrating the text, "he that watereth shall be watered also himself," was related by Mr. Shepard, the agent of the American Bible Society for New England, at a Bible meeting in Springfield, Mass. a few weeks since.

"A poor Irish girl came to this country some time since for the purpose, as she said, of seeking a home for herself and parents in this happy land. Her parents were extremely poor in Ireland, and she was resolved if possible to obtain by her labor as a domestic the means of bringing them here also. She resided in a town in New England, in a pious family and she became deeply interested in religion and a lover of her Bible. When Mr. Shepard came to that town on his agency, this poor girl went to him and placed in his hands fifty cents to be appropriated to the objects of the Bible Society. On hearing her simple story, he at first declined taking the sum—but she insisted upon it saying that although she was laying by her earnings for her dear parents, yet she thought she must spare from them this small sum, that she might do something towards giving the Bible to poor people of Ireland. A gentleman of benevolent feelings hearing of this personal sacrifice, sent her *fifty dollars*, and she was thus enabled immediately to send for her parents; and they are now living with her at a happy and comfortable home in the same village in New England, where she was residing.

We cannot be saved by our works, but we cannot be saved without them.



## BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1834.

## MARYLAND DISTRICT.

We have not yet received, officially, the appointments of the ministers and preachers to the Circuits and Stations of the Methodist Protestant Church, but we believe the following, in the main, is to be relied on. We shall probably give them officially in our next.

President—Dr. John S. Reese.

Baltimore—St. John's, and Cove-street Station, Levi R. Reese.

East Baltimore Station, Pitt-street—William Collier.

Georgetown Station—Thomas H. Stockton.

Washington City Station, Tabernacle—D. E. Reese, Jr.

Do. Do. Mount Olive—Henry Myers.

Alexandria Station—Augustus Webster.

Anne Arundle Circuit—Dr. Daniel Davies, E. Williams.

Pipe Creek Circuit—Josiah Varden, Hugh Doyle.

Reisterstown Circuit—Wm. Kesley, Wm. Sexsmith, Eli Henkle, Supernumerary.

Deer Creek Circuit—J. W. Porter, Wm. McGwigan.

Shippensburg Circuit—Nicholas Dorsey; one to be supplied.

Dorchester Circuit—Geo D. Hamilton, Aug's. G. Grove.

Juniatta Circuit—Jesse Wright, Joshua W. Rutledge.

Williamsport Circuit—Isaac Webster, J. W. Everist.

Snow Hill Circuit—Stephen Taylor, T. G. Clayton.

Kent Circuit—George Heritage, Bignal Appleby.

Queen Ann's Circuit—S. L. Rawley, one to be supplied.

Caroline Circuit—To be supplied.

Prince William Circuit—Reuben T. Boyd.

New Market Circuit—J. Krause, one to be supplied.

Talbot Circuit—J. McKee.

Dr. W. W. Wallace, without an appointment, at his own request.

James Hanson, Do.

W. C. Pool, Unstationed.

Frederick Stier, Unstationed.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Mr. Editor,—I have just returned from Alexandria, D. C. You will no doubt be pleased to hear that the late session of the Maryland Annual Conference held in the above mentioned place, was one of a most harmonious character. The ministers and preachers, with lay delegates, sent up from various sections of the work, met under the favourable auspices of the Almighty; and notwithstanding questions of the utmost importance, were agitated, in which the interests of the churches were somewhat involved, all the deliberations and doings of the conference, eventuated in a way calculated to give permanency, and durability to our principles—and served to convince spectators that the ministers and delegates, were actuated by the purest motives of christian charity and brotherly affection.

It is true we did not number as many ministers, as a Conference held in the same place a short time before, by the Episcopal Methodists, but at the same time our numbers were quite as considerable, as might have been expected, when we look back to the period of our first organization, and the peculiar difficulties we have had to contend with. Few as we were in number, we realized the truth of the old adage. "In union there is strength." All the pulpit and altar exercises were in a greater or less degree rendered profitable and instructive to those who attended on the ministry of the word. Not less successful were the efforts of our lay brethren in view of sustaining the gospel ministry. All seemed to be imbued with the spirit of Christ, and proved it by their untiring zeal and de-

votedness to the interests of the meetings.—Scarcely a meeting was held without signal marks of the Divine favour. The careless ones that assembled were awakened to a discovery of sin, guilt, and danger; and gave evidence that "God was in and among us of a truth." Many presented themselves at the mourners' bench bewailing their condition. The tear of penitence fell—the sigh of contrition, and groan of mental distress were uttered—the cry for pardon was heard afar off, and ever and anon the loud and cheering acclamation of praise, issued forth from those who were ransomed, by the power of grace from the thralldom of sin.

The people of Alexandria, are an extraordinary people in many respects. They are to use a plain phrase, "a go to meeting people." No matter how inclement the weather—or *who* is to preach, they are at their posts in the house of God.—Though it rained hard, and incessant—the streets literally deluged with water—and the darkness of the night, rendered it almost impracticable, to see where you were going—yet the *aged*—the *middle aged*, and the *young*, were to be met crowding their way to the temple of worship—what a contrast to other places! delicate females, and those whose age and infirmity would have justified, an excuse for tarrying at home, forgot the inclemence of the weather—or rather considered this altogether insufficient, to prevent a constant attendance, on the word. When in the house of God, their order, solemnity, attention, and respectful behaviour throughout, was creditable to themselves, and encouraging to those who laboured for and among them. There is a "unity of the Spirit," pervading the different christian communities, of that town which gives strong and indubitable evidence of their intelligence and moral worth. The Pastor of the Presbyterian and Baptist churches, respectfully tendered the use of their pulpits, to our ministers, while their members by their personal attendance, sustained the brethren in their gospel labours.

Their hospitality and kindness is beyond praise. I am confident that I responded the sentiment, and feeling of every minister and delegate belonging to the conference; when I say that this affectionate people, not only did all that was necessary to convince us of their benevolent feelings, and kind wishes for our success, and prosperity—but far exceeded our sanguine expectations, founded upon a knowledge that their liberality was not to be surpassed. Indeed I may add their unwearied efforts to make us comfortable, afflicted our minds, for we very well knew, that we never could make sufficient returns for their numerous acts of kindness. *Long and gratefully* shall we remember the Alexandrians for their "works of faith, and labours of love." But while we bear testimony to the intelligence, the liberality and kindness of this people, we will not omit to mention one fault we thought discoverable in some, that is, they seemed to evince a desire for gaiety in their dress; bordering on the extreme fashions of the day; this we were sorry to discover, because nature is best adorned when unadorned with the capricious habiliments of fashion, and we hope they will mend in this matter, particularly the females, who (if we may be allowed to write what we think,) are remarkably favoured by providence, with all that is necessary, (without the tortured inventions of art,) to recommend them to the favourable consideration of those who can admire and appreciate female loveliness and amiableness. The Methodist Protestant Church in that town are an honor to our community, while their temple is a standing monument of the benevolence of those who contributed to its erection. W.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

For the past three weeks.

Remittances on account of Fourth Volume.

Samuel Guest. By A. G. Brewer, for A. Doss, S. R. Gates, R. P. Ward, George Pullen, and W. Hightower. By J. G. Whitfield, for Philip Rohrs, and M. H. Whitfield. By Thomas H. Stockton, for L. Mackall, W. King, Ninean Beall, Paul Stevens, Samuel Moyers, Samuel G. Thomas, W. Lang, R. Davis, W. Whitney, Joseph Libby, Noble Hurdle, Z. Smart, Joseph Cogswell, H. B. Robinson, Rezin Elliott, Thomas Holtzman, and Joel Brown. By Alexander Albright, for Peter Foust, W. Knorr, Wm. Rusk, John Weaver, W. Christie, A. Bryan, R. Chambers, D. C. H. Emory, E. Strahan, J. Fowler, J. S. Haine, J. B. Tilden, R. B. Tilden, J. Percival, W. Sumpter, W. Bennett, E. Rockhold, Allen & Rider, \$4; E. Kent, Jacob Boston, C. Wirt, S. H. Bowly, S. Scribner, George Earnest, A. Hike, E. D. Tarver, D. Lane, D. Fowler, N. E. Norment, J. R. Houston, J. Ebert, W. Young, H. Lyon. By J. T. Pratt, for Richard Smith, John Fuller, and Philip Angevine. W. Griffin, for himself, W. Lavender, James Lavender, W. S. Fears, H. J. Williams. John Nantz, A. Cobb, N. S. Clark, H. Vanwomer, F. Howard, Thos. Wornack, J. E. Smoot, Samuel Isaacs, W. W. Billing, J. H. King, Thomas Payne, G. H. Grant, Jr. J. A. Kennedy, O. Summers.

Remittances on account of Third Volume.

By A. G. Brewer, for R. P. Ward. By J. G. Whitfield, for Thomas Spragen, Philip Rohrs. Thos. Holtzman, Eli Henkle. John Hall, J. B. Tyler, J. B. Tilden, John Curry, A. Hike, T. W. Hewlet, J. H. Dorsey, N. Gordy.

Receipts for Books—gratefully recorded.

J. G. Whitfield,	\$16 00
F. Stier,	5 00
L. R. Reese,	3 00
Alexander Albright,	38 00
Do do,	20 00
W. Lang,	4 90
L. F. Cosby,	20 00
R. B. Thompson, (for sundries not named,)	22 00
W. B. Evans,	50 00
A. McGuire,	16 00
S. Taylor,	34 34
Do,	10 66
Avra Melvin,	24 50
N. Dorsey,	13 00
J. Varden,	5 00
S. L. Rawley,	4 00
W. Kesley,	9 16
Daniel Davies, (per J. W. Ferguson,)	5 25
H. Myers,	2 65
Augt. Grove,	1 66

Letters Received.

J. B. Parvin, David Ayres, J. G. McPheelers, P. E. Scott, R. B. Thompson, J. J. Burroughs, L. F. Cosby, Editor Methodist Correspondent, will send L. F. Cosby's paper to Physic Spring, Buckingham Co. Va.; J. B. Tilden, J. Towler; I have never received the \$2 you wrote about; J. B. Goodenough, S. J. Harris, H. Green, Chas. Evans, James Tharp, M. M. Henkle, J. A. Kennedy, L. R. Reese, R. Richards, B. G. Burgess, J. Philips, Thos. Wiley, Sr. W. B. Evans, R. Richardson, A. McGuire, S. Stroger, E. D. Tarver, J. S. Ziber, J. T. Pratt, S. Finley, W. Griffin, Ai Barney, W. H. Pope.

## POETRY.

## THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

I saw him in his youth,—his heart was gay,—  
Each glance was smiling—careless was his mien;—  
To others, he from God would turn away;  
Thus lived as though to live he had not been;  
Thoughtless of *whom* (if death should soon attend,)—  
He then should find to be "The sinner's friend."

Again I saw him—manhood's form was reared;  
But still how little was the mind within;  
In worldly fetters see he still appeared—  
How hard to shun temptation's luring sin,—  
Rejects the invitation to attend,  
The offered mercy, by "The sinner's friend."

I saw him once again—in gray hairs clad;  
With tottering footsteps he approached me near:  
His looks how altered, and my heart how glad!  
His words, "The grave, nor death, nor Judge I fear:  
Thro' life I've sought, and found this at the end,  
That Jesus died to be 'The sinner's friend.'"